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# Spotty



*By* John Y. Beatty





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SPOTTY



*She led Wabbly Tom from the barn into the far  
corner of the yard*

# SPOTTY

THE STORY OF A HOLSTEIN COW

*By*

JOHN Y. BEATY ✓  
"

*Drawings by*

DON NELSON



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CHICAGO  
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## CONTENTS

I	A COW'S TAIL BRINGS TROUBLE	7
II	SPOTTY COW UNDER SUSPICION	11
III	FARMER JOHN HAS A PLEASANT SURPRISE	15
IV	OLD SPOTTY COW SAVES HER CALF	21
V	SPOTTY COW DEFENDS HER BABY	25
VI	THE TRIALS OF MOTHERHOOD	27
VII	SPOTTY COW TAKES FOOD FROM STORAGE	34
VIII	A TRIP TOWARD CHINA	38
IX	OLD SPOTTY PROTECTS A FEATHERED FRIEND	43
X	A FEARFUL TRAGEDY	46
XI	SPOTTY COW HAS A RIVAL	50
XII	HER APPETITE GETS SPOTTY INTO TROUBLE	55
XIII	HOW CAN A MACHINE BE A FRIEND?	59
XIV	SPOTTY NEARLY LOSES HER HOME	63



## CHAPTER I

### A COW'S TAIL BRINGS TROUBLE.

OLD SPOTTY COW was munching her hay contentedly. It was a hot summer evening. In addition to the heat, Old Spotty Cow was bothered by the flies. Old Spotty's only protection against these pests was her long tail. It was a good protection, too, because on the end of it was a large brush almost as big as a small feather duster.

She could reach nearly her whole body with this long "fly-chaser." Sometimes, however, half a dozen flies would gather in a group on her shoulder and she would have to chase them away by throwing her head around toward them. Her tail was not long enough to reach her shoulder.

It was milking time. Farmer John had employed a new man to help him that day, and instead of milking Old Spotty Cow him-



self, he sent his new man to milk her. The stranger sat down beside Old Spotty, placed the milk pail between his knees, and started to milk.

Just then an unusually big fly bit the cow near the center of her back so vigorously that she of course threw her big tail out to chase the fly away. Just as she did so, the man lifted his head, and instead of hitting the fly, the tail hit the man in the face.

Now a cow's tail is not a pleasant thing to be hit with, especially when it is on its way toward a pesky fly. The stranger became excited. He shouted at Old Spotty and raised his hand to strike her. Naturally, the cow became excited, too. In an effort to avoid being hit, she lifted one of her hind feet, and as she did so, her foot hit the pail, knocking it from between the knees of the milker. This caused more excitement. In a moment, Spotty Cow's foot had landed squarely in the middle of the milk pail, which was half filled with milk. Of course the pail tipped over, and the milk flowed all over the dirty floor.



Naturally, the hired man blamed the whole thing on Spotty Cow. He seized the stool on which he had been sitting and began using it as a club. Just then Farmer John came along and settled matters by sending the hired hand off to do some other work.

After a time, Farmer John sat down to finish milking Old Spotty, but the milk would not come. Spotty had been so frightened by the whole performance that she would not give down any more milk.

The next morning he milked her himself, and apparently she had forgotten all about the trouble of the night before.

Farmer John, however, could not do all of the milking alone, and so he worked out a plan which would prevent the hired man from getting into trouble with Spotty Cow's tail again. He tied a heavy cord to a brick. On the opposite end of the cord he made a loop and just before Spotty Cow was to be milked, he looped this string over the brush on the end of her tail. The weight of the brick hanging on the end of Spotty Cow's tail was

so great that when she attempted to throw her tail over her back, she could not lift it. Consequently, the hired man was in no danger of being hit in the face again.

Of course this was not at all pleasant for Spotty Cow, because she had no way of protecting herself against the pesky flies. But Farmer John knew that this would be the case, and he did not want Spotty Cow to suffer from the bites of the flies while she was being milked. So he made a brush of cornstalks, tying a number of the leaves to the end of a broomstick. This he gave to his daughter Roberta and asked her to stand back of Spotty Cow while she was being milked and brush the flies off of her.

So, in a way, Roberta was to serve in the place of Spotty Cow's tail.





## CHAPTER II

### SPOTTY COW UNDER SUSPICION

USUALLY, Spotty Cow gave enough milk to nearly fill the pail. But one evening Farmer John milked her and did not secure nearly half as much as usual. Farmer John wondered what was the matter.

When he milked her the next evening, he did not get any more. Surely something was wrong, for a cow that gives a pail of milk one evening should also give a pail of milk the next evening.

Farmer John became suspicious that Spotty Cow was milking herself.

Sometimes a cow gets into this bad habit. While she is away in the pasture where no one sees her, she will milk herself and then when she comes to the barn, there is little left in her to give to the farmer. When cows get into this habit, it is difficult for them to stop,

because the fresh, warm milk tastes just as good to them as it does to a calf which so delights to get the milk as soon as it is drawn.

Farmer John looked Old Spotty Cow over. She seemed to be in the best of health and in the best of spirits. He could not think of anything that might be wrong except that she might have developed this bad habit of doing her own milking before she came to the barn.

There is one way to cure a cow of this and that is to put a muzzle on her nose so that when she reaches for her udder, the muzzle is in the way.

This muzzle is made in such a way that she can eat grass, and so it does not do any harm. Sometimes these muzzles have nails or sharp wires on them, so that when the cow reaches around, she pricks herself with these sharp points. In this way she soon learns to leave the milking for the men at the barn.

Farmer John was puzzled the next evening, because, in spite of the fact that he had put a muzzle on Spotty Cow, she still gave very little milk. It seemed very strange indeed.

Apparently he had not discovered the trouble.

“Well,” said Farmer John, “the only way I can find out is to watch her!”

It happened that the next day was Sunday, and so Farmer John spent the afternoon in the pasture with the cows, keeping his eye on Old Spotty.

About five o'clock he saw a little pig running along the fence. Spotty Cow was lying under a shady tree chewing her cud. Farmer John was in a good position to see all that happened.

The pig ran up to Spotty Cow. After a few “Ugh, ugh's,” Old Spotty stood up. You could never guess what happened next. Old Spotty Cow stood very still. The little pig ran around her two or three times and then started to milk her. The little pig was stealing Old Spotty Cow's milk.

“Well, well, well,” said Farmer John. “This *is* a situation.”

He walked over to the contented pair under the tree and coming up quietly behind the pig seized him in his arms.





“You’re a little thief,” said Farmer John. “You should wait until you get your milk in the trough. You are stealing a march on your little brothers and sisters. Of course, the first thing we always look out for is to protect ourselves, and you have made up your mind that you will have the first chance at the evening’s milk. So I don’t know that I will punish you, but I will place you where you will not steal Old Spotty Cow’s milk. Skimmed milk is good enough for you. We need the cream that Old Spotty Cow gives to make butter.”

All the while, the little pig squealed and kicked. But Farmer John carried him off to a pen from which he could make no escape.

After that, Old Spotty Cow gave her usual pailful of milk every evening. So Farmer John took off the muzzle, and everyone was happy again except the little pig. But of course Farmer John gave him all he needed to eat, and he really should not have been unhappy. At any rate, his tendency to steal had been corrected.



### CHAPTER III

## FARMER JOHN HAS A PLEASANT SURPRISE

OLD SPOTTY COW was not with the herd when it came to the barn one evening in June. The cows had the habit of coming to the barnyard just before milking time. Usually Old Spotty Cow was their leader. But on this night she was nowhere to be seen.

Farmer John finished the milking before he started to look for her. He took Roberta with him and they walked down the lane to the woody pasture where the cows had been feeding that day. Roberta was rather worried and she asked her father many questions as to whether the cow might have been hurt or lost.

However, Farmer John was not so worried, because he thought he knew the cause of Old Spotty Cow's absence. They started to follow the fence along the east side of the pasture and

proceeded over the hill to the opposite end. But nothing was seen of Old Spotty. They turned west then and walked along the south fence to the other corner. But still there was no sign of the cow.

"Perhaps we had better walk through the center of the woods," suggested Farmer John. "I think I know a place where we may find what we are looking for."

Again they climbed the hill. Not long after reaching the top, they passed a large clump of bushes. They were looking straight ahead and had gone about ten feet past the opposite side of the bushes, when Roberta heard a rustling of the leaves behind her. She turned around and quickly called to her father.

"Daddy, there is old Spotty Cow. She is lying down. Perhaps she is hurt."

As Farmer John and his little daughter approached her, Old Spotty rose to her feet. Instead of going directly to her, Farmer John walked to the edge of the bushes and peered into the clump.

"Look here, Roberta," he said, and when





*They pushed the bushes aside and saw a little calf*

he pushed the bushes aside, Roberta saw a beautiful little Holstein calf. Old Spotty Cow came over to them and put her nose down to her baby lying curled up in a pile of leaves and licked his forehead with her long rough tongue.

This wakened the little fellow and he scrambled to his feet. Farmer John walked into the clump of bushes and stepped behind the calf and steadied his wobbly legs as he walked out into the open.

"Oh, Daddy, isn't his face pretty," said Roberta. "But how long his legs are and how big his knees seem to be. Hold him tight, Daddy, he is going to fall."

Old Spotty Cow was thoroughly happy. She was proud of her little son. Occasionally she gave a short, "moo-oo-oo," as she massaged his body with her long, rough tongue.

"Why does Old Spotty Cow lick her baby so much, Daddy?" asked Roberta.

"I guess it must be her own way of getting his blood to circulating well," answered her father. "You know sometimes doctors rub

new-born babies and sick people in order to make their blood circulate more actively, and I have always noticed that cows massage their babies soon after they are born. I think it must be for the same reason."

"What are you going to do with the little calf?" asked Roberta.

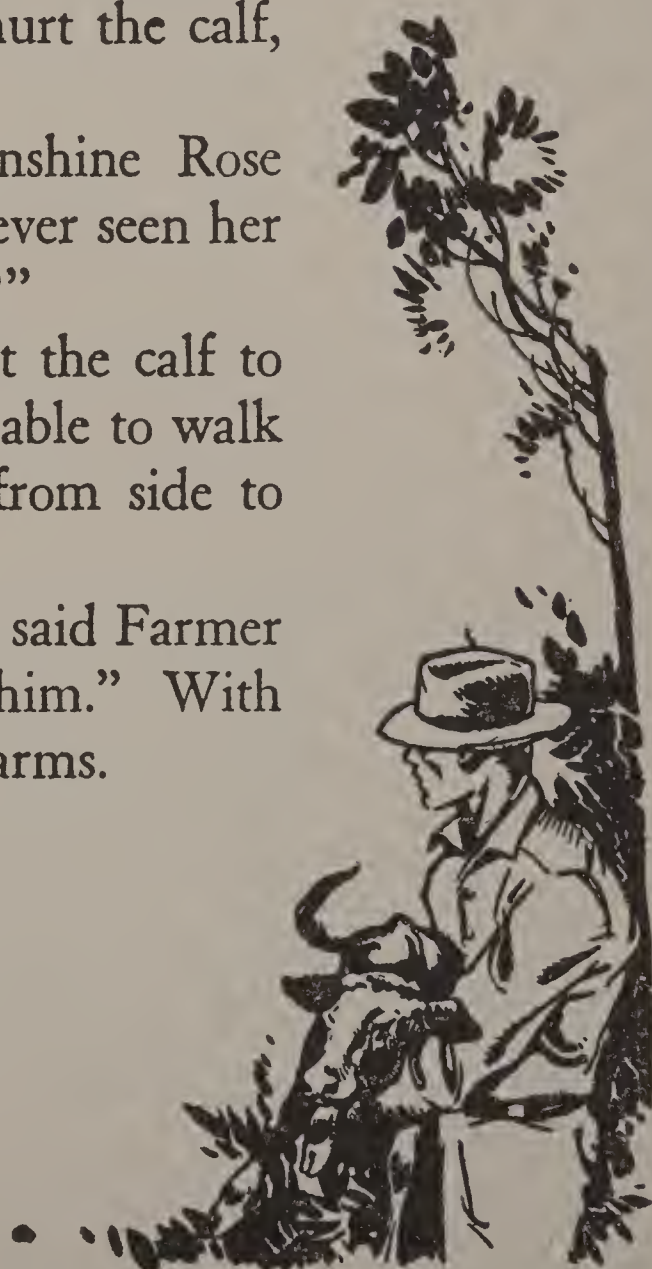
"We must get him to the barn," replied her father. "We can put Old Spotty and the calf in the warm box stall until the calf is a little older. Then we can turn them into the orchard pasture with Sunshine Rose."

"Do you think the pony will hurt the calf, Daddy?" asked Roberta.

"No, I don't believe that Sunshine Rose would hurt the calf. You have never seen her hurt any other animal, have you?"

"But, Daddy, how will you get the calf to the barn. He doesn't seem to be able to walk very far. See how he wobbles from side to side when he walks."

"There is just one thing to do," said Farmer John, "and that is for me to carry him." With this he took the calf up into his arms.





Old Spotty Cow followed close behind, giving a short low “moo-oo-oo” every now and then.

The two were made comfortable in the box stall in the horse barn, and Farmer John made a record of the birth of Wabbly Tom, for that is the name Roberta said they ought to call the new calf.

Farmer John kept a record of the date of birth of every animal that came to live on Mosely Hill Farm and quite often he allowed his little daughter to select the names.





## CHAPTER IV

### OLD SPOTTY COW SAVES HER CALF

WHILE Old Spotty's calf was not old enough to take care of himself, Farmer John always put the two in a box stall in the horse barn at night. One night Old Spotty was awakened. She hardly knew what had caused her to wake from her sleep. The only sound she heard was a crackling noise, but soon she began to realize that it was a little difficult to breathe. The air was filled with smoke. Old Spotty had never had any experience with a fire, but still her instinct told her that her baby needed protection, and the protection he needed, she soon discovered, was to get him out into the open air.

The gate which closed the box stall was fastened with a light hook. Old Spotty looked at it. Then she pushed against it with her head. But she realized that the weight of her

head was hardly sufficient to break it open. So she turned around and backed into it, throwing all of the weight of her body against the gate on the side where the hook held it fast. But the gate did not open. She walked ahead a bit, then backed swiftly into the gate again. This time it opened. The staple that held the hook had been pushed out.

Old Spotty called to her calf, and he followed her on his wobbly legs. She went to the door that opened into the barn lot. It was closed and fastened with a hook on the inside. Spotty had never attempted to open a door before, but the smoke was getting thicker, and she saw a blaze in one corner near the opening which led into the haymow above. Somehow she knew that she must get her baby out of the barn as quickly as possible.

This door was larger than the gate, and she hardly knew how to get it open. She rubbed her nose along the side of the door trying to find the hook with which it was fastened. She tossed her head up and down. Her nose touched the hook. The hook flew out of the

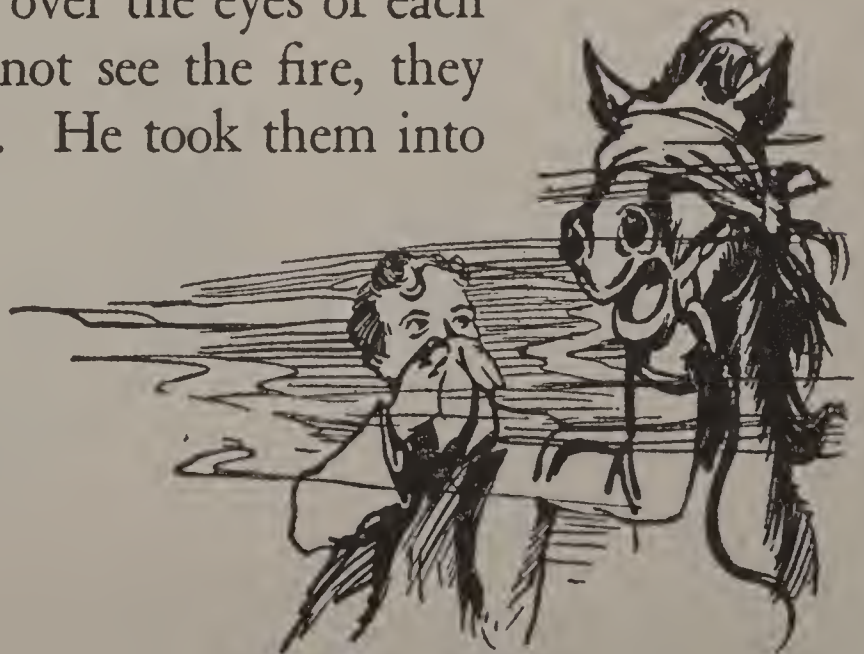
staple that held it, but the door remained closed.

Spotty turned around, then dashed back to the door with a determination to force it open with her head. She lowered her head and rushed toward the door. To her surprise, it opened easily, and she fell on her knees as she lunged into the darkness. She led Wabbly Tom to the far corner of the yard.

It was then that she began to bawl. It was her bawling that wakened Farmer John and enabled him to discover that the horse barn was on fire.

How excited everyone was at first! No one knew just what to do. However, Farmer John finally succeeded in getting the horses out of the building before they were burned. This was a difficult task, because the horses were so excited by the fire that they preferred to stay in their stalls rather than to leave them.

Farmer John finally got them out after he had placed a gunny sack over the eyes of each one. When they could not see the fire, they could be led much easier. He took them into



the cow barn and fastened each one to a stanchion. The last one was taken out just in time. The barn burned to the ground, but all of the animals were saved.

Farmer John did not know this, however, until the excitement was over. After the last horse had been taken out, he began to wonder about Old Spotty Cow and her baby. He did not dare enter the flaming barn. In fact, if he had, he perhaps would not have been able to rescue the animals.

After a while Old Spotty Cow called again. Farmer John then realized that she somehow had escaped. He had not taken notice that the door was open when he came to rescue the horses. But when he found Spotty Cow and her calf in a corner of the barn lot, he knew that Spotty had saved herself and her baby.





## CHAPTER V

### SPOTTY COW DEFENDS HER BABY

WABBLY TOM was not so wabbly now as he was when Roberta first saw him. But he was still rather small and needed the attention of his mother. They were grazing together in the slough pasture one day, the calf a little distance from his mother.

Old Spotty had her back to Wabbly Tom and did not notice the approach of a strange dog. The dog crept along the fence, crouching close to the ground. The calf was facing the opposite direction and did not know of the danger. When the dog was opposite the calf, he ran away from the fence a little way and then with a running jump cleared the fence and landed on Wabbly Tom's back.

The noise startled Old Spotty Cow, and whirling around she saw at once what had happened. Both the calf and the dog were

sprawling on the ground. The dog regained his feet quickly and turned to attack the calf again. But Old Spotty had rushed to the rescue of her baby.

The dog was surprised. He had not anticipated such resistance. Sharp horns tore his flesh, as Old Spotty caught him with lowered head. She tossed her head, sending the dog sailing over the fence.

When the dog finally rose and limped away, the cow turned her attention to Wabbly Tom. He was near a tree, panting with excitement, but unhurt. Old Spotty stroked him with her long, rough tongue until her baby felt like himself again. She then led him toward the barnyard.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE TRIALS OF MOTHERHOOD

THERE comes a time in the life of every calf when he must learn to care for himself and to get along without his mother. Wabbly Tom had always depended upon his mother for protection, guidance, and food; he did not like the idea at all of transferring his source of food supply from his mother's udder to a metal pail.

Both Farmer John and Old Spotty Cow were determined, however, that he should learn to shift for himself. Farmer John started to wean the calf by milking Old Spotty Cow before he turned the calf with her, keeping Wabbly Tom in a separate pen and turning him into the box stall with his mother after most of her milk had been drawn.

At the same time, Farmer John gave Wabbly Tom a pail of skimmed milk, so that he would

be satisfied with the little milk he found in his mother's udder.

Wabbly Tom did not like skimmed milk at all. He wanted the milk he was accustomed to. So the first morning that Farmer John offered him the pail of milk, he did everything he could to keep from drinking it. Farmer John took hold of Wabbly Tom and dragged him to the pail of milk, holding the pail with one hand and holding one of Wabbly Tom's legs with the other. But still Wabbly Tom could not be made to drink.

Then Farmer John stood up and straddled the calf with one leg on each side just back of his shoulders. He held the pail in front of the calf with his left hand and with his right he took hold of Tom's nose. He thrust the calf's head down into the pail of milk. All Tom did was to blow through his nostrils and spatter the milk out of the pail. Then he tried to back away. But Farmer John held him by squeezing his knees against the calf's sides. The calf began to realize that he could not get away and became a little calmer.



Farmer John forced the calf's nose into the milk again and this time he allowed two of his fingers to slip into the calf's mouth. This deceived Wabbly Tom enough so that he started to suck Farmer John's fingers, and as he did so, the milk flowed into his mouth. It was not long before Wabbly Tom had finished drinking all of the milk in the pail.

Then Farmer John, after having milked Old Spotty Cow, turned the calf in with her.

But Old Spotty Cow had her troubles, too. Wabbly Tom sucked very rapidly. The supply was soon exhausted, because Farmer John had drawn most of Old Spotty's milk into a pail for his own use.

Wabbly Tom tried one teat after the other, but all were empty. He took hold of one with his mouth, backed away and then dashed forward so quickly that he almost raised his mother off of her feet. This was not a pleasant sensation for Old Spotty Cow, and she jerked away. The calf followed her about the pen.

Farmer John was watching, and after this occurred two or three times, he opened the gate

and allowed Old Spotty Cow to go out into the pasture. But he caught the calf as he was going through the gate and put him into his little pen.

The same performance was repeated that evening. Wabbly Tom still did not like the idea of drinking out of a pail, and Farmer John had to handle him in the same way, finally putting his fingers into the calf's mouth until he was able to get him to drink the milk.

Old Spotty Cow had her troubles again. Wabbly Tom was angry. He pushed his mother over against the side of the stall two or three times before Farmer John took him out. But little Tom was not master of the situation. Both his mother and Farmer John were able to handle him, and he gradually was forced to drink as he was bidden. Finally, Farmer John did not turn him in with his mother at all, but made him drink all of his milk out of a pail.

One day the cows were in the barn lot, and Wabbly Tom was in a pen near-by. He saw his mother, some distance away, and deter-



*Farmer John made Wabbly Tom drink from a pail*

mined that he was going to have his own way this time and get a meal in the way he had when he was first born.

But first, he must get to where his mother lay. The fence that surrounded the pen in which he was kept was not high, and so Wabbly Tom determined to jump over. But calves are not as good jumpers as dogs or sheep, and Wabbly Tom came down on top of the fence with his two front feet on one side and his two hind feet on the other.

About this time, Lassie, Farmer John's Collie dog, saw that the calf was doing something he should not do, and jumped into his pen and began to bark. Wabbly Tom wiggled and jerked and finally fell into the yard outside his pen.

He lost no time in reaching his mother. When she saw him coming, she rose to her feet. He ran for her udder, but before his nose could touch it, she whirled about and caught his body back of his shoulders with her nose. She pushed him away. However, Wabbly Tom was not so easily discouraged. He tried



again, and once more his mother bunted him away from her.

In the meantime, Lassie had jumped over the fence into the barnyard and come to the aid of Old Spotty Cow. She barked at the calf, and between the two of them, they prevented him from stealing his dinner. It was not long until Farmer John heard the barking and came to see what was the trouble.

As punishment, Wabbly Tom was locked into the box stall and kept there all the next day.



## CHAPTER VII

### SPOTTY COW TAKES HER FOOD FROM STORAGE

ONE Sunday afternoon Spotty Cow lay in the shade of a big apple tree in the pasture near the house. Roberta and her father and mother were sitting on the porch.

Suddenly Roberta's attention was attracted by Old Spotty Cow. Spotty's eyes were closed, but her mouth was active. She was chewing something.

As Roberta watched, Old Spotty Cow stopped chewing and Roberta could see her swallow. She was greatly astonished, however, when shortly after the swallow, Roberta could see a movement along the cow's neck that appeared to be just the opposite of a swallow. Then Spotty began to chew again.

Presently the same performance was repeated. Spotty Cow swallowed. Roberta could see the cow's flesh raise as the food passed down

her throat. Then she could see the flesh raise again as another object seemed to travel up the cow's throat. Then Spotty Cow began to chew.

"Daddy," said Roberta, "does Spotty Cow swallow her food and does it then come back into her mouth again? You watch her, Daddy, when she stops chewing, you can see the food go right down her throat and then you can see it come right back up again. Why does she do that, Daddy?"

"Old Spotty is chewing her cud," explained her father.

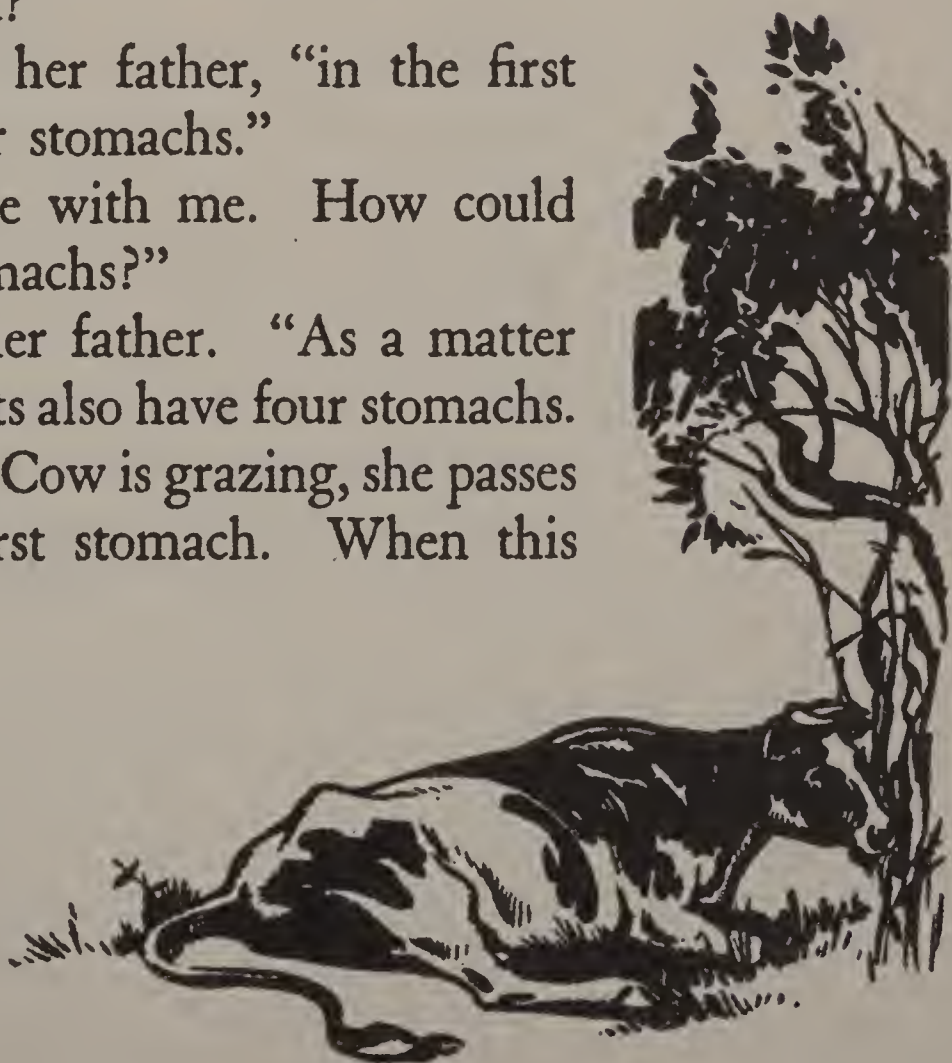
"Chewing her cud?" inquired Roberta. "What does that mean and what is a cud, and why does she chew it?"

"Well," explained her father, "in the first place, a cow has four stomachs."

"Daddy, don't joke with me. How could a cow have four stomachs?"

"It is true," said her father. "As a matter of fact, sheep and goats also have four stomachs."

"When Old Spotty Cow is grazing, she passes the food into her first stomach. When this





stomach is filled, she usually lies down and chews her cud. When she takes the grass from the ground, she chews it very little. It passes into her first stomach almost as she tears it from the ground. In the first stomach it is mixed with digestive juices, and when she lies down and is ready to chew her cud, balls of this food come up into her mouth. Then she chews them. She grinds it into fine particles, so that it can be digested as it passes into her second, third, and fourth stomachs."

"How does she know whether to send it to the second stomach, or the first stomach, Daddy?" asked Roberta.

"It goes through all of them, dear," replied Farmer John. "After she chews her cud, it passes into stomach number two. Then into number three and then into number four. In each of these stomachs, it goes through some kind of a digestive process, and as it is combined with fluids that come out of the walls of each stomach, it becomes a liquid, and the nutriment out of the liquid is absorbed by the blood vessels that surround these stomachs.



After that, the blood carries the food to different parts of the body."

"But we have only one stomach, haven't we, Daddy?"

"Yes," replied her father, "all of the digesting of our food must be performed in our one stomach, and that is why we must chew our food, and chew it well, as we eat it."



## CHAPTER VIII

### A TRIP TOWARD CHINA

IT HAD rained continuously for nearly a week. The slough pasture was of little use, because water covered the grass almost everywhere except on the two hills, one on either side of the pasture.

However, Farmer John turned the cows into this pasture one day.

That evening when he was putting the cows into the barn, he noticed that Old Spotty Cow's stall was empty. He looked around the barnyard, but did not see her.

"Now what could have happened to Old Spotty?" asked Farmer John aloud, although there was no one to talk to but himself. Sunshine Rose, Roberta's pony, was in the barn; so Farmer John put on her bridle, jumped astride her back and rode out into the slough pasture to look for the missing cow.

He first rode south along the brow of the hill, but could see nothing of the missing cow. Then he turned Sunshine Rose around and rode to the north end of the hill. From there he saw Old Spotty Cow in the slough.

Down the hill they went. Before long, he knew what was the matter. Old Spotty was stuck in the mud. Her struggles to release herself had made her plight worse, and now she was not able to move her legs at all.

“Well, old girl, you have gotten yourself into a nice mess, haven’t you? It is going to be a job to get you out of your trouble.”

After thinking for a moment, Farmer John rode back to the barn, put the harness on his big team, threw the long hay rope, which he had wound into a big coil, on to the back of one of the horses and started for the slough.

He soon realized that he would not be able to reach Old Spotty without getting himself wet. Then he thought of making a noose in the rope and throwing it over Old Spotty Cow’s head.

Before he attempted it, he realized that this

would pull tighter and tighter and would probably choke Old Spotty before he could get her out. So he tied a big knot in the rope at a place where the loop he made to go over Old Spotty's head would be stopped before it choked her.

That is just what happened. When the top part of the loop settled on her neck, the bottom part dropped into the water. Carefully Farmer John pulled, while the loop became smaller and smaller. At last the end was stopped by the knot tied in the rope. Thus, he had a loop around Old Spotty Cow's neck that would not choke her, nor would it slip over her head when the horses began pulling.

Then he tied the other end of the rope to the double-trees to which the team of horses was hitched.

"Old Spotty," he said, "we'll help you, but you will have to help yourself a little, or you will be here a long time."

He then spoke to the team, and the horses stepped forward until the rope was tight. Then he stopped them. Taking a tight hold on the



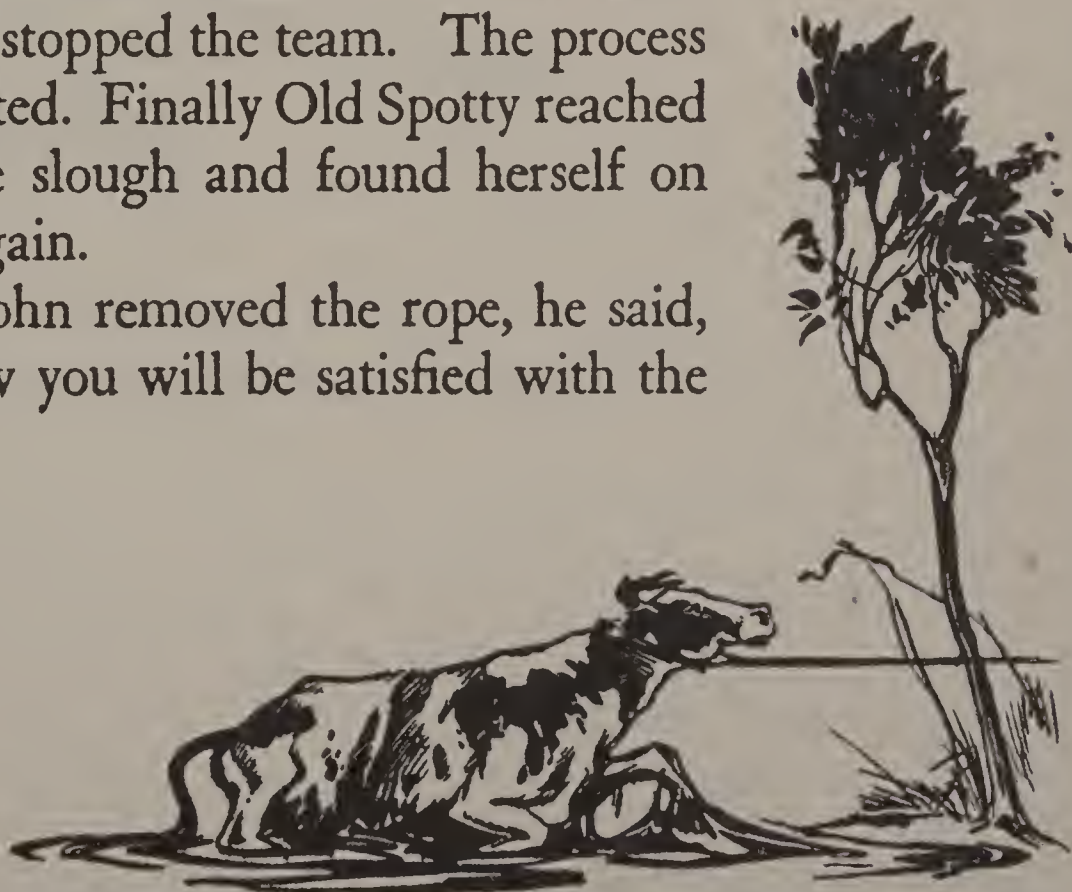
reins, he spoke to the team again, and the horses took two or three steps forward. This pulled on Old Spotty Cow's head. Perhaps it might appear that this would injure an animal, but in this case it was the only way to help Old Spotty Cow out of the slough.

In the first place, Farmer John could not get the rope around Old Spotty Cow's body. If he had put it around her body, she would not have been able to help herself as she could when he put it around her neck.

With the encouragement that this pull gave her, she began to struggle and was able to loosen her front feet. Farmer John stopped the team and allowed the cow to rest a minute. Then he started the horses again. This time Old Spotty struggled with her hind feet also, and was able to work herself free of the mud.

Farmer John stopped the team. The process was again repeated. Finally Old Spotty reached the edge of the slough and found herself on solid ground again.

As Farmer John removed the rope, he said, "Perhaps now you will be satisfied with the



grass on the hill when the slough is full of water."

Whether Old Spotty understood or not, I do not know, but she never again waded into the water in the slough.



## CHAPTER IX

### OLD SPOTTY PROTECTS A FEATHERED FRIEND

**O**LD SPOTTY lay chewing her cud in the barn lot one Sunday evening. Farmer John had finished the milking rather early, because he had planned on taking his family to Lake Zurich to attend the evening church services.

When Old Spotty was chewing her cud, she paid little more attention to what was going on about her than she did when she was asleep. As a matter of fact, her eyes were half closed. She was suddenly aroused by a loud barking. Then there was a long, loud squawk. Old Spotty jumped to her feet.

Around the corner of the shed dashed Farmer John's big red rooster, which he called High Flyer. The rooster was squawking as he ran and every few jumps would fly a short distance. Close behind him was a strange dog.

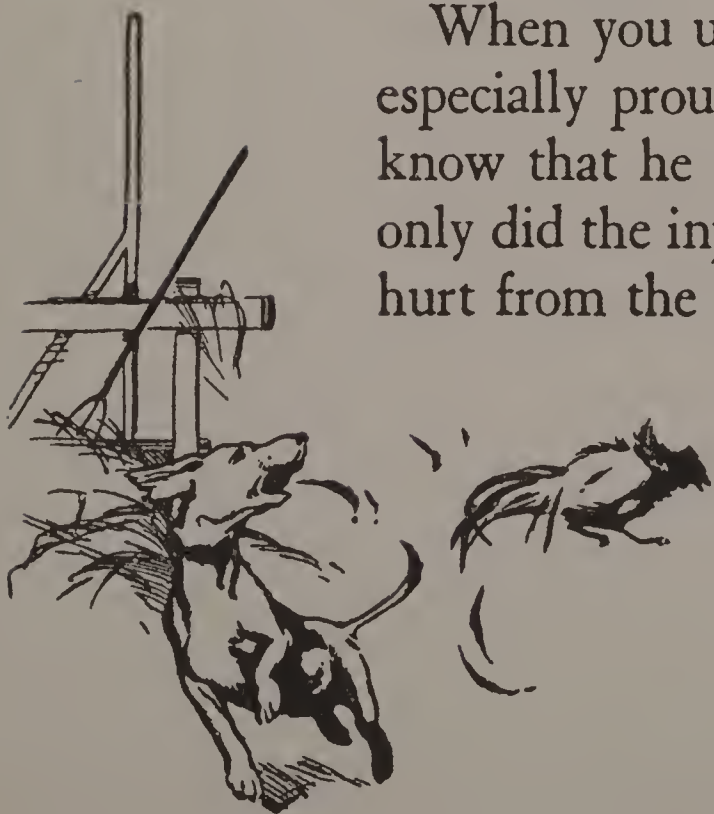


High Flyer was almost exhausted. The dog had several feathers in his mouth as evidence that he had already caught up with the rooster and pulled out some of his tail feathers.

High Flyer flew into the shed and Old Spotty Cow followed him. The dog, seeing the cow, hesitated for a moment, and this moment's hesitation saved the rooster's life. Old Spotty lowered her head and struck the strange dog with her sharp horns. She caught him with one horn on his breast and the other in his side. The sharp horns injured him painfully, and he limped away yelping.

Spotty Cow then turned her attention to her feathered friend. High Flyer stood in the corner, his tail was drooping, that is, what was left of it. His head was bleeding. The dog had bitten his comb and had pulled off about half of his tail feathers.

When you understand that High Flyer was especially proud of his beautiful tail, you will know that he was feeling very badly, for not only did the injury pain him, but his pride was hurt from the loss of the feathers.





Old Spotty Cow was sympathetic. She put her cold black nose near the big rooster, and the bird, realizing her sympathy, gave a little hop and landed on Spotty Cow's head just between her horns. He felt that he would be safer there, for chickens always feel safer if they are seated on something above the ground, the higher the better.

Old Spotty walked to the edge of the shed again and after looking about for a time and seeing that all danger was gone, she lay down to chew her cud. As she chewed with her eyes partly closed, High Flyer squatted on his perch on top of her head. That is where Farmer John found him the next morning when he went to drive the cows out of the yard into the barn at milking time.

## CHAPTER X

### A FEARFUL TRAGEDY

IT HAD been a summer of severe storms. Frequently these rains were accompanied by thunder and lightning.

One day one of these storms caused Farmer John a terrible loss. It was responsible for a fearful tragedy in the herd.

The cows were in the meadow pasture when the storm began. They were about as far away from the barn as they could get. There were no trees in this pasture, and no shelter of any kind. So when the rain started, the cows stood still where they were, with their tails to the wind and their heads nearly reaching the ground. The rain came down in torrents.

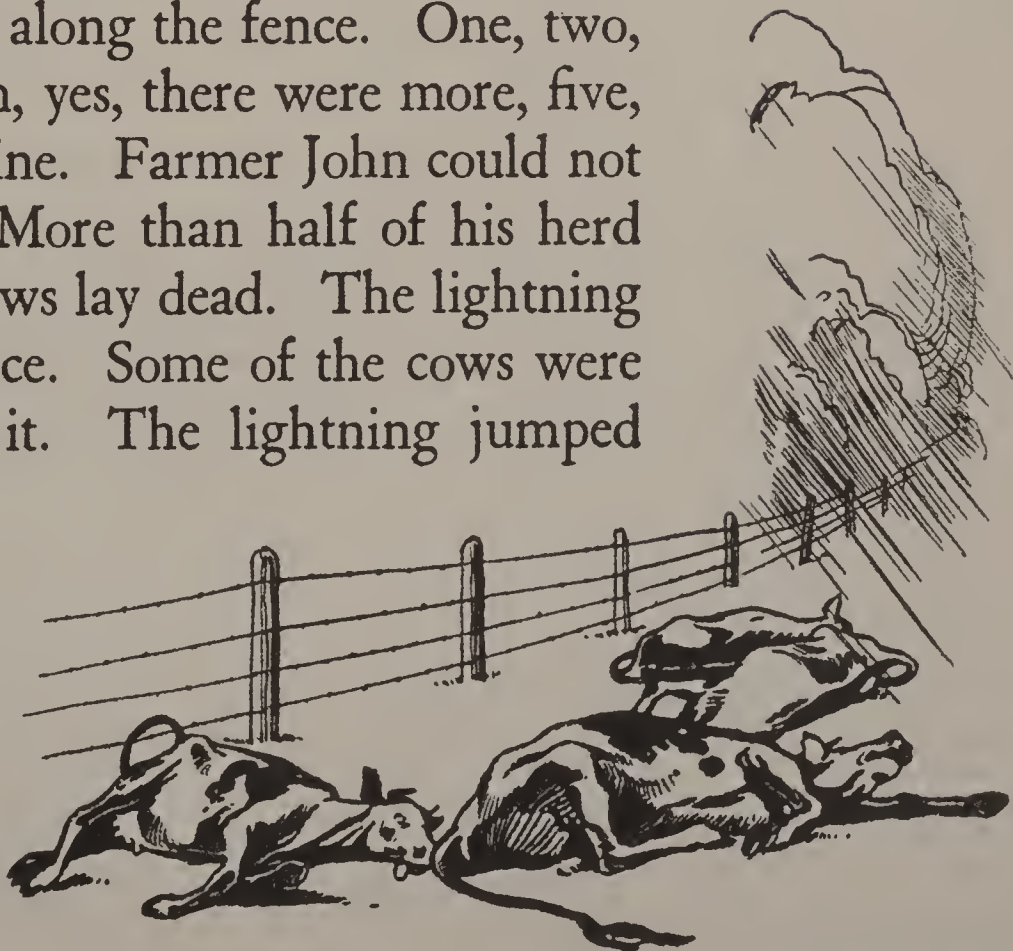
Most of the cows were standing rather close together. Some of them were near the fence that divided the meadow pasture from the cornfield. Others were a little farther away.

Suddenly there was a great flash. The lightning covered the whole sky, and every cow in the herd was thoroughly frightened. The thunder followed this with a terrible crash, and then the sound rolled away in the distance.

In half an hour the rain had stopped and all was quiet again.

That evening when it was time for the cows to come to the barn, only about half the cows came. Farmer John was worried. What could have happened to the others? He asked Roberta if he might borrow her pony and he rode Sunshine Rose into the meadow pasture.

When he reached the fence near the corn-field, he realized why most of his herd had not come to the barn. There the cows lay, stretched out on the ground along the fence. One, two, three, four of them, yes, there were more, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Farmer John could not believe his eyes. More than half of his herd was gone. The cows lay dead. The lightning had struck the fence. Some of the cows were standing close to it. The lightning jumped



from the fence to the cows and they were killed instantly.

It so happened that Old Spotty Cow and some of the others were standing near another fence. They were not injured. The reason for the difference is interesting.

The fence near which the cows that were killed were standing was built on wooden posts. The wooden posts were sunk into the ground and the wires stretched on them. The fence near which Old Spotty and the other cows which did not lose their lives were standing, was made on steel posts. Steel is a conductor of electricity, and when the lightning struck this fence, the steel posts conducted it into the ground. Thus no harm was done.

Farmer John observed all of this as he looked over the sad scene and determined that he would not have such a thing happen again.

"It is very simple," he said to himself, "to prevent losing cattle by lightning. All I need to do is to replace these wooden posts with steel ones. Then if the lightning does strike the fence, it will run into the ground.



And he was right. Many farmers have had a similar experience. They have lost valuable cows or horses because they were standing near a fence that was built on wooden posts and the lightning could not easily get into the ground unless it went through the bodies of the animals. That is why it jumped off of the fence into the bodies of Farmer John's cows in an effort to get to the ground. The electricity was so strong that as it passed through the cows' bodies, it killed them.

## CHAPTER XI

### SPOTTY COW HAS A RIVAL

SOMETIMES Farmer John called Old Spotty Cow the mistress of the herd. She was the oldest cow on his farm. She realized this herself, and thought that Mosely Hill Farm belonged to her. At any rate, she seemed to feel the responsibility for everything that happened to the herd or near the barn.

It was quite natural, therefore, that when another cow was brought to the farm that Old Spotty should feel it her duty to teach this stranger how to act.

One day Farmer John turned a new cow into the pasture. Old Spotty Cow was near the barnyard gate when Farmer John brought the new arrival.

Old Spotty approached the new animal as she walked into the pasture. Apparently the new arrival's idea was to tend her own business

and expect everyone else to do the same. She walked on toward the meadow without paying any attention to Old Spotty Cow. But this did not fit in with Old Spotty's plan. She started to run and got just far enough ahead of the new cow to block her path.

The new cow whirled around and started in another direction. Old Spotty again blocked her way. The new cow was determined not to become angry and she turned again and started in another direction. Old Spotty Cow would not be ignored. She intended to be the boss of the farm and she ran around in front of the new cow again. This time she lowered her head, meeting the new cow's head. The horns of each cow locked with those of the other as their heads came together.

Old Spotty began to push. The new cow backed away. But she did offer some resistance, and Old Spotty renewed her effort to demonstrate her superiority.

Finally the new cow accepted the challenge, lowered her head a little farther and pushed a little harder until Old Spotty was stopped.

There they stood, their heads together and their horns interlocked, each pushing as hard as the other and neither one moving.

Finally, Old Spotty moved her head a little to one side. This twisted the neck of the new cow and she jumped over regaining her composure again.

Thus they moved back and forth, Old Spotty trying to push harder than the other cow, the other cow pushing just hard enough to hold her own.

At last Old Spotty determined to exert her utmost effort and she backed just a little bit to make the new cow feel that she was going to give up the contest. But she immediately started forward again and with the added momentum was able to push the new cow steadily away from her. The new cow of course was not familiar with the pasture and could not very well see where she was backing.

She finally came to the edge of the hill at a point where Farmer John had taken out several loads of gravel, leaving a big hole in the side of the hill. Old Spotty knew just





*Spotty pushed the other cow away from her*

what she was doing and she gave one final push and over the bank toppled the new cow. She dropped into the gravel hole and rolled over a few times, finally landing on her feet near the bottom of the hill.

Old Spotty lifted her head, pushed her nose into the air, and snorted. She was victorious. She was still the mistress of Mosely Hill Farm.



## CHAPTER XII

### HER APPETITE GETS SPOTTY INTO TROUBLE

OLD SPOTTY COW had been watching the development of the corn across the fence from the meadow pasture with interest. Cows are very fond of green corn, but too much of it is dangerous. That is why Farmer John had a strong fence between the meadow pasture and the cornfield.

One day, however, Old Spotty's appetite could not be satisfied with the grass in the meadow. She walked along the fence trying to find a place where she might get into the field of growing corn.

Finally she came to a gate, but the gate was closed. Then she began to push at the gate with her horns. One of her horns caught in one of the boards of the gate and it moved. Spotty pushed again and she was able to open the gate sufficiently to walk through.



Her ambition was to be realized. She walked through the gate and began to eat the green corn. She did not stop to eat a whole stalk, but took a bite here and another bite there. In her eagerness to eat, she wandered far into the cornfield.

That night when the other cows came to the barn, Old Spotty was missing. Farmer John was always concerned when Old Spotty did not come up with the rest of the cows, and so as soon as he had the others safely in their stanchions, he started out to search for Old Spotty Cow.

When he came to the gate between the meadow pasture and the cornfield, he saw that it was partly open. He walked through and was able to follow the trail Old Spotty Cow had left, because he found here a stalk cut in two and there a tassel picked off, so that there was an easy trail to follow.

Farmer John was worried because he knew that a cow is likely to eat more corn than she should when she gets into a cornfield, and he knew that it would make Spotty very ill.





He walked faster and faster and was surprised that he did not come to Spotty Cow. Certainly, he thought, she could not have gone entirely through the field.

Finally, he came upon her. There she lay on the ground in a heap. Her sides were swollen almost like a balloon. That is what always happens to a cow when she eats too much green corn. Gas forms in her stomach and her sides fill out just like a balloon.

Farmer John had been afraid that this was what had happened and had carried with him a little tool which has a sharp point on it and a movable cylinder over the shank. He quickly thrust this into Old Spotty Cow's side and pierced a hole into her stomach. Then he withdrew the shank and left the tube through which the gas began to escape.

It took quite a little time for all the gas to escape. In the meantime, Spotty lay there very still with her eyes closed. Farmer John was not sure whether she was dead or not. Certainly she would have been dead if he had not arrived as soon as he did.

After the gas had all escaped, Old Spotty Cow began to stir a bit. She opened her eyes and finally lifted her head. She saw Farmer John and tried to struggle to her feet. She seemed too weak to get up. So Farmer John took hold of her shoulder and helped her get on to her knees and then up on to her feet.

“Well, old lady,” said Farmer John, as he led her toward the barn, “I hope this will be a lesson that you will not forget. A cow as old as you ought to know better than to fill herself with green corn. I arrived just in time to save your life.”



## CHAPTER XIII

### HOW CAN A MACHINE BE A FRIEND?

ALL day long, Old Spotty Cow eats grass in the meadow and manufactures milk either for her calf or for Farmer John. At night, when she comes to the barn, her udder is filled.

Her calves never have to be taught how to get the milk. They seem to know where to go when they get hungry.

Farmer John has to draw the milk out of Old Spotty Cow's udder with his hands.

Old Spotty likes to have the milk drawn from her udder, but she prefers to have it drawn in the regular way. If someone should attempt to draw it from the left side, for example, she would object very strenuously.

One night when Farmer John attempted to draw it in still another way, she objected also.

On this particular evening, Old Spotty was

eating her food in the stall when she heard a whirring sound back of her. This was a strange sound and she did not like it. She turned her head about, twisting the stanchion as she did so. There was Farmer John. But he was not milking her. Instead of the milk pail, there was a large pail with a cover on top of it, and on top of this cover was an electric motor.

Running from the pail to Spotty Cow's udder was a long red rubber tube. On the end of this tube were other tubes and four cup-like affairs, each of which slipped over one of Old Spotty Cow's teats. When Farmer John put one of these on to Old Spotty Cow, it began to draw the milk, but it did not feel natural, and Old Spotty did not like it. She lifted first one leg and then the other. She stepped this way and that way. Finally she kicked. But Farmer John had the pail where she could not hit it with her foot and was himself standing where he would not be kicked.

He expected the cow to object to the new contrivance. It was a milking machine.

The electric motor on the top of the machine

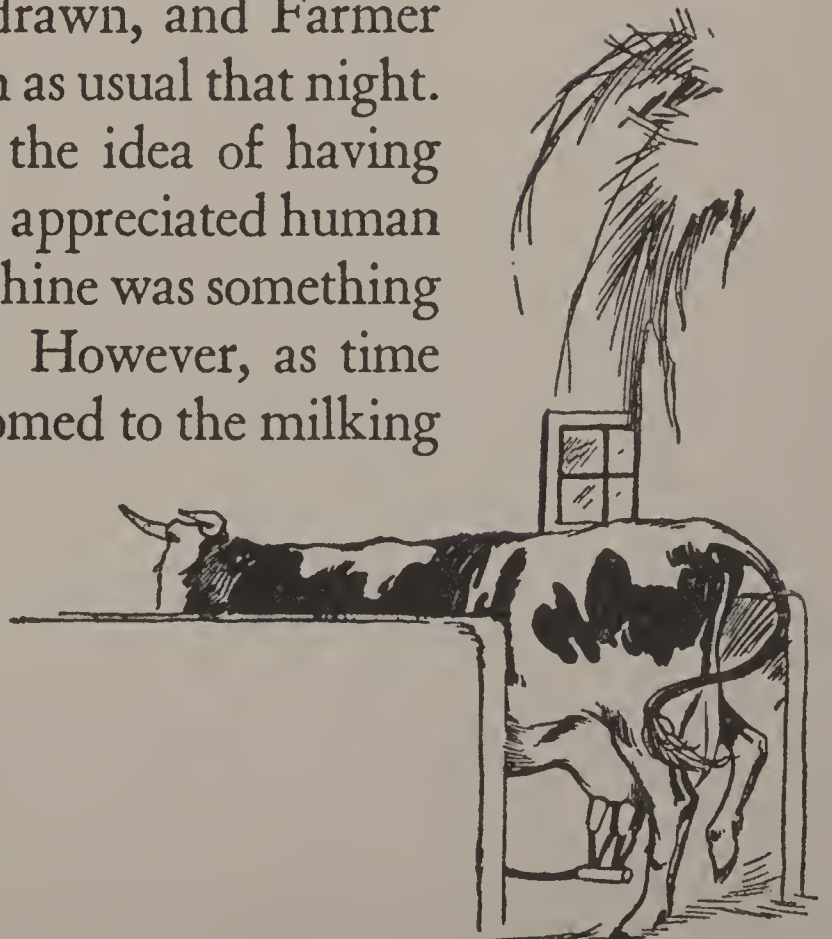


operates an air pump which sucks the milk out of the cow's udder and deposits it in the pail. There is also a thin rubber arrangement inside of the cup which squeezes the teat as the suction is applied.

As a matter of fact, the effect is very much the same as when Old Spotty Cow's calf is getting its dinner. But still Old Spotty Cow did not like the situation. She was not accustomed to having a machine at her side. While the noise was not very loud, it irritated her and she shook her head, twisting the stanchion, stepping forward and then backward, but the milking went right on.

A cow can do more than step around if she does not like the way she is being milked. She appears to have the ability of holding up her milk so that it cannot be drawn, and Farmer John did not receive as much as usual that night.

Old Spotty did not like the idea of having a machine for a friend. She appreciated human beings for friends, but a machine was something she could not understand. However, as time went on, she became accustomed to the milking



machine and finally gave even more milk to it than when she was milked by hand.

The milking machine milks two cows at a time and operates so much more rapidly than a man, that it paid Farmer John to milk in this way because he could have more cows and therefore have more milk to sell.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SPOTTY NEARLY LOSES HER HOME

ONE day a strange man came into the barn with Farmer John just before the cows were milked. Together they looked over the herd and several cows were selected which the strange man took away with him in a truck. When they came to Old Spotty Cow, the stranger said to Farmer John.

“There is a cow that you ought to let me have. She is just right for beef, and she doesn’t give you much milk.”

Farmer John looked at Old Spotty and shook his head. Old Spotty had been too faithful to allow her to leave Mosely Hill Farm.

“Well,” said he, “I think you will have to leave Old Spotty with me. Even though she does not give enough milk to quite pay her board, she gives me a good calf every year and that is enough to make a good profit. And

besides, the whole family is very much attached to her."

This stranger had arranged with Farmer John to test the cows in his herd and a few days before, tests had been made to find out how much butter could be made from the milk given by each cow in the herd. The price of the butter was figured and the value of the skimmed milk. Then the cost of keeping each cow was determined. It was found that some of the cows did not give anywhere near enough milk to pay for their feed, and those were the ones that Farmer John sold to the stranger.

"Even if Old Spotty did not give any milk at all," Farmer John told his wife that evening, "I believe I would keep her as long as she lives."

So Old Spotty did not lose her home after all.





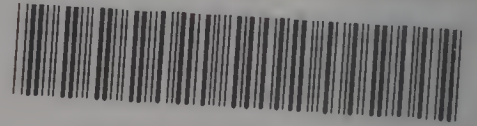




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